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1910



Diary of
Verse and Philosophy
By John Albert Lehmann.





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OF
VERSE AND PHILOSOPHY



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A budget of kernels and shells
(mostly shells) put in this convenient form for preservation.

PS 3523
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BY

JOHN ALBERT LEHMANN

SAVANNAH, OHIO

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TO MY MOTHER

DOWN in the dusty city, where,
To take full breath oft makes one choke,
The composition of the air
Is mostly wind—well mixed with smoke.

Yet there's the song of industry
In humming wheels the smoke commands;
And employment, doubtless, plenty
For some odd thousand busy hands.

And there's hotels an' stores an' 'cops'
An' organ-grinders—all in sight;
With 'quacks' an' 'fakirs' gath'ring crops—
An' operas an' shows at night.

And elevators reaching 'fields'
That lands appraisers seldom see;
Where thrifty brokers 'turn' good yields
On other people's property.

And heavenward pointing church spires
An' liquor shops of lesser worth;
With railway tracks an' 'lectric wires
Like shackling bands about the earth.

Oh! backward hie me to the farm
Where nature's wealth in beauty glows;
And hearts beat lighter, for it's charm,
And music from the forest flows.

IN JOLLY WINTERS LONG AGO.

In jolly winters long ago—
Keepin' the fire-place all aglow—
Ole groun' hog sleepin' snug an' tight—
The windows thicker every night—
Wasn't I glad when the cold spells broke.
Choppin' the fork-sticks, elm an' oak,
An' luggin' em in through the snow
In jolly winters long ago?

In jolly winters long ago—
'Twas colder then, than now you know—
Follerin' rabbits, when they'd run,
Twixt chores an' school time, was but fun;
While splittin' rails out in the storm
Jist merely kep' a feller warm—
Fried mush an' pork—I loved 'em so
In jolly winters long ago.

Around the fire-place all aglow—
Mother an' Pap an' me and Joe—
Plain as day I kin see us all,
Our shadows, too, agin the wall;
Mother patchin' a round-about—
Pap, a shavin' an ax-helve out—
Hickernuts, apples— all the go
In jolly winters long ago.

Around the fire-place all aglow—
Tellin' the tales we used to know—
Searchin' memories of the past
Though tears the while be fallin' fast—
Singin' the songs we loved to hear,
Songs of sorrow an' songs of cheer—
Singin' 'em soft, singin' 'em low
In jolly winters long ago.

A little tact, with courage pure,
In tense affairs of life,
Will oft win fortune's cause secure
'Gainst wealth of arms in strife.

* * * *

TACT is genius; tact is power;
Cultivate tact for every hour.

* * * *

PLAIN common-sense is the best law of the land;
morally, socially, industrially, commercially and
politically.

* * * *

OUT by the mountain, wild and bare,
I'll build my humble cottage; where,
Among the foothills, I will keep
And tend my flocks of kine and sheep.
When winter falls and blizzards ride
Before the mountain's rock-ribbed side,
Then in the vale from storm and cold
My flocks of kine and sheep I'll fold.

* * * *

DO right, and deal with your neighbor so as to
make it easy for him to do right.

* * * *

THE *Golden Rule* has a good record. It never took
any one to penitentiary, nor broke a friendship,
nor caused a suit at law. It is the substance of *charity*—
a gem of prosperity.

THERE'S th' clackin' about th' barn of th' guineas
 an' th' hens,
 An' th' swallers busy buildin' from th' morn till day-
 light ends.
 There's the snicker o' th' squirrels an' th' cooin' o'
 th' doves,
 An' th' mimic o' th' thrushes 'at a feller always loves.
 Then there's th' flowers in th' yard,—the blossoms on
 th' trees,
 The warble o' th' robins an' the hummin' o' th' bees—
 An' th' lilacs in th' garden overflowin' with perfume
 When the white oaks come in tassel an' th' dogwoods
 are in bloom.

* * * *

AH! there's no music in th' worl'
 Bids more health an' pleasure to yer
 Than th' snicker o' th' squirrel
 An' th' rooster's halleluyar.

* * * *

'CLOTHES don't make the man' nor do the feathers
 make the goose; but a neat clean raiment speaks
 well for a goose—*always*.

* * * *

THE greatest thing a boy can be is a gentleman;
 always and everywhere, a gentleman.
 The greatest thing he can become is a manly man—
 a gentleman.

CIVILIZATION is measured by the way people live,
and the manner in which they do things.

* * * *

I wish I was a little feller,
Chuck full of childish glee—
Out 'mongst the posies, white and yellor,
The way I used to be.

The stone-bruised heel, the thistles and thorns—
I'd swap them back again,
For the aching bunions and the corns
I never dreamed of then.

* * * *

CREDIT is like a coat; the less you use it, the longer
it will last.

* * * *

TO know a little that is true, is better than to know
much that is untrue.

* * * *

UPON the unstained canvas the artist sees portrayed
the picture which is painted upon the walls of
his heart.

* * * *

HE who is wise and honorable—he is safe; follow
him.

He who is wise and dishonorable—he is a deceiver;
shun him; lest he drag thee into the ditch.

SUCCESS is the flower of greatness.

Greatness is not measured by ability but by service.

Service is not measured by quantity nor amount, but by its character and quality. The character and quality of your service will be marked and measured by your energy, genius and purpose; supported by your knowledge, training and discipline, together with what of courage, fidelity and love you may be able to put into it.

He is greatest who renders greatest service.

* * * *

THE most valuable element in human character is *courage*; supporting all integrity of purpose as well as power of execution.

Courage is a builder—an architect strong.

Courage is a fortress protecting 'gainst wrong.

Courage surrounds duty with pleasure and song.

* * * *

DIVERSITY of occupation is restful to both body and mind.

* * * *

FLATTERY is neither polite nor courteous; but is frequently employed to shadow a bit of deception, or in paving the way to the hearts of weak people.

HEALTH is the most valuable and important consideration in life; all else of worth depends upon it. The *law* is the *way*. Nature is the only true builder. Exercise, good food and fresh air are the best and only true tonics. Keep away from quacks; their fortune is your misfortune. The scientific thing about them is, *not* that they are able to, or *intend* to help you, but that they are able to make you think so; and they will follow you in that way to life's limit; then turn the tongues of hades upon you—to defend themselves and their nefarious business. Be not deceived; they are the same chaps they were nineteen hundred years ago; and will probably continue on, so long as people are willing to pay for being humbugged. There are a few wise and honorable physicians of great value to their clients; but the per cent is so small that *medicine* has become a *business* rather than a profession; attested not only by records in practice but by claims and appeals wherever printer's ink will admit them.

* * * *

LEARN the law; you will travel this way but once; don't be in a hurry—take plenty of time; the journey is short *at best*.

* * * *

HEALTH is wealth and happiness.

THINK not ill of good intent;
But count the time better spent
Gleaning kernels from the chaff—
'Twill lighten care—fully half.

* * * *

OCCUPATION is essential to health and happiness;
we may exist, but we can not live, grow and be
happy in idleness.

* * * *

HONOR the heroes, who, in the morning of light,
In defense of our country, went forth in their
might;
Cheers for the living, and tears for the dead—alway,
And flowers for them all on Memorial Day.

* * * *

WE can claim no valid account, against the world,
until we have done something to place the
world under obligation to us.

The world owes no man a living until after he has
earned it.

* * * *

FIND your place; get in earnest about it; be in-
dustrious; be honest; be kind; learn your ca-
pacity; don't over-reach; keep within the realm of the
law, and you will succeed.

* * * *

A big dust is no sign of a fast horse.

* * * *

IF you wish to know why some people succeed *just*
follow them, in their daily routine of work and care,
for six months.

WISDOM is the fruit of experience. They, who think they are wise, are frequently otherwise; and they, who are wise, *are vigilant*—lest they become otherwise.

* * * *

WE'RE always glad when March is through
And April's had a week or two;
Though we most know, when April's come,
There'll yet be snow to fool us some.
One day it's bright—the birds all sing
And signs look right for early spring;
It rains next day—and then it snows,
And that's the way that April goes.

* * * *

READ a few biographies of great men; also a few good books—the best books by great writers; *read them well*, and you will grow just as you are able to weave their character, strength and power into your life.

* * * *

PENNIES we save are pennies earned;
Pennies we waste are pennies burned.
Time well employed is gold indeed;
While time we waste brings want and need.

* * * *

ECONOMY is time and money wisely spent.

IT seldom pays to quarrel with enemies or get *too thick* with friends.

* * * *

A leedle boy—a bumblebee—
He shouts with joy the bee to see
And longs to get, from where he stands,
The pretty pet within his hands.
A sudden sting—he cries and screams
“The buzzing thing aint what it seems.”
His nose and ears are bound in slings—
He dreams he hears the buzzing wings—
And now the lad, ’tis plain to see,
Don’t wish he had the bumblebee.

* * * *

HONEST enemies are oft better than designing friends.

* * * *

TEACH your children the way of right
In all they do and say;
To walk in paths of honor, bright,
And walk yourself that way.

* * * *

THE logical end of cheapness is nothing. Things,
that amount to something, usually cost something.

* * * *

THE beautiful forget-me-not
Doth bear, on wings of love,
A draught of sweet and pleasant thought
Fresh from heaven above.

WISE is he, and prosperous, who may be able, always, to say and to do the right thing at the right time; and to refrain from saying or doing the wrong thing at any time.

* * * *

FIRST a purpose, then a plan,
Orders well for any man.

* * * *

TO stand and to wait is to live without aim;
To act and to do leads to fortune and fame.

* * * *

PLUCK is the advance agent of success. Never trust to luck; those who have tried it are mostly in alms-houses, asylums and penitentiaries. Trust to pluck; it wins. Luck is a tramp; it never works except on the down-grade; it will never take you up hill.

* * * *

FEBRUARY MUSINGS.

The way that Winter's courtin' Spring,
Fools a feller like everything.

'Pears ole Jack Frost is weak'nin' fer
His nerves aint stiddy like they were;
An' seems he's leavin', here of late,
The season's fortunes more to fate.

One day, it's calm; the next, 'twill storm—
Then change right back from cold to warm;
Stay nice, perhaps, a day er so
Then cooly turn to rain er snow.

Sich treach'rous weather anyhow!
Jist knocks me out, like "grippe," somehow;
An' I'll rejoice when Winter's by,
The sweet Spring here—An' roads is dry—
Fer I'm disgusted wadin' through
The mud an' slush an'—blizzards too.

Yit, withal, I'm feelin' gladder
Since the groundhog missed his shadder;
Fer when Winter's blasts is over
An' the groundhog's in the clover,
There'll be the trees all dressed in green
Like the meadow's emerald sheen—
The flowers, too, will be in bloom
Fillin' the air with sweet perfume—
There'll be the hummin' of the bees
Among the blossoms on the trees—
While the birds will be a singin'
Till the woods with music's ringin'—
Oh, then's the time 'at suits me best;
When the green is in the forest.

* * * *

PROMPTNESS and thoroughness, with system in
every affair of life, will bring a rich reward.

* * * *

THE greatest thing a girl can be is a lady; always
and everywhere, a lady-like lady.

The greatest thing she can become is a womanly
woman.

BUILDIN' cabins and tradin' posts wasn't uncommon in 'twenty-eight,'

In Ohio's wooded north and west, where things then were crude in state.

When and where the early woodmen had come to build and help build, too;

With purpose, nobly fraught with courage, and hearts that were brave and true.

And while it takes a bit of courage and of enterprise to draw

A man out into the forest where the country is new and raw,

Yet, withal, 'tis life inviting, loving nature, as one should,

With heart and soul unfettered free — no caste but human brotherhood.

* * * *

TROUBLES, griefs and misfortunes have their value in rounding out the better elements in human nature and preparing the soul for its nobler inspirations.

* * * *

SMILES from a kindly heart and face,
With purpose nobly true,
Will oft accomplish in life's race
What science fails to do.

* * * *

THE goal of friendship is *love*; and the end of love is *happiness*.

WEAVE into your life a kindly, noble sentiment;
it will oft serve you better than a truth in
science.

* * * *

THE sapling poles I used to climb,
Where white oaks touched the sky,
And somersault, to while the time,
In happy days gone by.

Of every bird I knew the song;
Each moth and butterfly
And bug and bee that buzzed along
I knew, those days gone by.

Snowballs were good as apples now,—
And haymows, twice as high;
And flowers like little friends, somehow,
In jolly days gone by.

I'd like, once more, to trip again
O'er fields I used to ply;
With all things big and good as then—
In those sweet days gone by.

* * * *

HAPPINESS is the child of contentment.

* * * *

MUSIC is the laughter of the soul's happiest in-
spirations.

EDUCATION is training, discipline, government; it is growth; it is development; it multiplies power; it pays.

You may get it in college or in the world's greater university of business and experience; or both.

Men are a commodity; the world is their market; "What can you do and how much are you worth?" is the "yard-stick" by which you are measured.

Whether on the battlefield, in the athletic park, in the professions or on the platform, or in any field of art, industry or commerce; a trained man is always worth more than a raw recruit.

There is also, in education, a still greater value *unyielding* to commercial measurements; accruing to the individual not in dollars and cents but in an added strength of vision; before which material standards fade into higher and truer conceptions of life in all its relations. He is led into avenues and planes of thought above the realm of gold. The world, to him, becomes larger and broader and more interesting and beautiful; and all the worth of life enhanced in like proportion.

* * * *

CHEERFUL, hopeful people are busy working people; and busy working people are successful happy people.

* * * *

HE, who has learned to do something, and to do that something well, need never want for employment.

TROUBLE prepares the soul for its noblest inspirations.

* * * *

DON'T WORRY.

Remember the burdens, cares and toils of life's day,
Like the storms of noontime, before eye pass away;
And though clouds of disappointment life's pathway
roll

To baffle our purpose and embitter the soul,
Hold full faith in the brightness beyond the thick haze—
'Twill yet fill with sweet sunshine the incoming days,
While the clouds flee back into the mists of the years
With their trials and sorrows, their griefs and their
tears.

* * * *

HOPING, striving for better things, is but clambering heavenward.

* * * *

MY captain safely pilots me
O'er the roughest, stormiest sea;
He guides my craft, with His strong hand,
Through tempests wild to pleasant land.

* * * *

THE winter is gone; green grasses are growing;
The sweet spring is here and blossoms are blowing.
The song birds are making, by woodland and lea,
A world full of music for you and for me.

TO *friendship* work is a pleasure; and to *him, who loves*, every burden is light.

* * * *

ONE true friend is better than a thousand "half an' half."

* * * *

A striped caterpillar
Once climbed upon a tree—
A tall, slim cotton willer—
Up high where he could see.
There he fixed a place to stay,
Till summer days were nigh;
When he flew away one day
A striped butterfly.

* * * *

WHAT others say of us matters little; what we, ourselves, say and do, are matters most important.

* * * *

DON'T trust much to th' paws of a cat;
Ner to signs of th' moon,—in roofin yer house;
Ner loosen yer hold on th' tail of a rat
To grasp th' head of a mouse.

* * * *

WE *learn* by doing.

People, who never do anything, make liberal fault-finders, but *seldom* good critics.

Competent judgment is a product of experience.

LET THE SUNSHINE IN.

Our every-day ills and aches and pains we should learn
to bear alone;

The world has no time to be bothered—it's got troubles
of it's own.

To salute our neighbor with the blues isn't just quite
the thing to do;

When, perhaps, he's got some vexation that's piercing
his heart most through.

Opening our windows tow'rd heaven, and letting the
sunshine in,

Will make us more cheerful and happy than we other-
wise have been.

A thoughtful charity in our heart will brighten our life
and face;

And the smiles and blessings it bequeathes will help fill
the world with grace.

* * * *

LIFE is not measured by years, but by it's worth
to humankind.

* * * *

A test of character, is the opportunity to be kind,
generous and true.

* * * *

CLEANLINESS, hopefulness and charity are pearls
of prosperity.

THE message, ringing in our ears, is the one our
soul imparts;
And the music of the winds is but the music in our
hearts.

* * * *

WHEN God made all the creatures,
On the land and in the sea,
He gave to them their likes and tastes—
The same as you and me.
He blessed them with that love and fear
With which our hearts He'd fill;
He made us all one family here—
The children of His will.

* * * *

THE winter, is gone, green grasses are growing,
And buds and blossoms are swelling and blowing;
The song birds, gleeful, are merrily singing
And the forest with their music is ringing;
The sweet Spring is building, by woodland and lea,
A world full of beauty for you and for me.

* * * *

THINK nobly, dear heart, be cheerful and true,
Helpful and strong;
Thus making life, and eternity too,
One grand sweet song.

VISIT OF THE VALLEY LILY.

Beautiful messenger of thought!

Laden with sweet perfume—
The breath of heaven, angel brought,
To cheer thy modest bloom.

How long the years since thee I met!

Still, neither aged nor worn,
Thy graceful beauty thou hast yet
Pure as the dew of morn;

While 'mongst the moments choice and fair,

The dearest that I know,
All cluster 'round old home nooks where
Thou didst in fragrance grow.

And how the years have slipped away!

Yet how their mem'ries cling—
Old joys flood in to block the way
'Gainst griefs and tears they bring.

Old scenes of childhood's happy days

Break in on burdens now,
Full fraught with cheer and mirthful ways,
To soothe the troubled brow.

Old friendships greet me, eyes to eyes,

With fervor and delight;
While yet the tears of death-rent ties
Are falling as I write.

Ah, Messenger! 'tis in the glow
Of life's fond mem'ries sweet,
Thou hast a charm which angels know
The busy heart to greet.

I thank thee for the space of thought,
Amidst the toil and strife;
The sober respite thou hast brought
In the wild rush of life.

I bless thee for the joys and tears,
The pleasure and the pain,
The moments' glimpse back through the years
Brings swift to me again.

I love thee for thy tenderness;
Though fierce the tempests blow
In stormy seas, thy heart caress
Doth calm the waters flow.

When in the vale, where all is dark,
I rest life's mystery;
Still may thy cheerful visits mark
And keep the years with me.

There, 'neath the shades, where others sleep,
Our hearts may closer blend;
When these heart thoughts I bid thee keep
And love them to the end.

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